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Shurch Directory.

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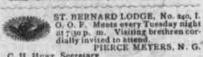
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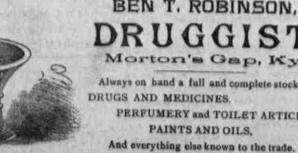
> DUL, Did you ever stop long enough to think whether or not you are a subscriber; and if you are, whether or

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Those who depend largely, if not altogether, upon a neighbor for his local paper, often miss much of that respect and love a country editor has for his readers - those readers of whom he renders an ac count - not those who are constantly taking advantage of him by borrowing his paper instead of becoming a bona fide subscriber.



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The lad detected a note of kindness

Little one, lay your head on my breast While I tell you a story, low and sweet, Of a wonderful land where the children rest Era the rivers of trouble and pleasure mee
The a beautiful vale shut in by the hills,
Where brooks flow on over musical sand
And, answering, owher he song bird's thrills,
The name of that valley is Slumberland.

here are lambs at play on each sunny slope,

There the stately Hiy bends down her head

or nothing may enter of less delight. Than the words of some wonderful fairy to o that valley of rest all the children go. In a happy, careless, contented band; and you will be wandering soon, I know, Through the beautiful valley of Siumberian

on the porch of a typical Pennsylvania farmhouse, evidently preparing for a bunting Teddy Kirk-

teen, and a honest, impulsive lad, as one read in his blue eyes. Nick Bolter was older by two years, and his otherwise pleasing face was marred by a grasp-

A covered buggy drawn by a lean white horse rattled up to the gate and stopped, and a large man in gray omespun jumped out. The stopping of the vehicle brought

down to the gate.

"Mornin', Kirkwood," growled the visitor. "Seen anything o' that bound oy of mine-young Joe Hackett?" Mr. Kirkwood shook his head. "Did

you lose him?" he asked. "He ran away last night," replied the angry farmer, "an' stole purty near everything he could lay his hands on."
"Any valuables, ch?"

'Waal, no," admitted the farmer, "it was all in the enting line. He cleaned out the pantry. What riles me is the ongratefulness of it. I treated that boy like my own son, fed an' clothed him, and looked after his moral bringup. An' that's the way he rewards me. But I'll fix him when I get him back. He's legally bound over to me till he comes of age, and I ain't goin to let him slip. You boys goin' huntin'?" and the farmer turned sharply to

"We're going to try our luck for "Then keep a lookout for the young raseal. If you catch him and bring him to my place I'll give you five dol-HEARSE lars-a two-dollar-and-a-half gold plece

for each of you." With a smack at his pocket that made the coins therein jingle, Mr. Jefferson Skimmer leaped into the ouggy and drove swiftly off.

"I saw Joe Hackett the last time ! was up in the valley," said Teddy. "He was cutting corn, and he had only one suspender. I wonder if he really is on the mountain? I'd like to earn the reward. Two dollars and a half will buy lots of things I want."

The boys crossed the road and plodded through the sloping belt of pine trees, discussing as they went along the chances of finding the fugi-

When they reached the heavier timber on the upper part of the mountain they found other things to think about. The sharp barking of squirrels was heard all around them, and they advanced with noiseless tread, stop-ping now and then to watch and listen. At noon they were several miles from home, and on the flat top of the mountain. After eating a part of their lunch they stretched themselves lazily on the dead leaves and lay there for several hours, looking up into the

clear blue sky. Finally Teddy rose to his feet and shouldered his gun. "Come along, Nick," he said, "I want to bag half a "Plenty of time," Nick replied, with

lozen more.' yawn. "I'm tired. Wait a bit." "Lazy bones," laughed Teddy. Well, I'm off." He started briskly along the ridge

in a northerly direction, and before he had gone a quarter of a mile he heard the distant barking of a squirrel amid the thick timber. So noiseless was the young hunter's So noiseless was the young hunter's to arouse. He started off in a passion, approach that not a sound came to the hearing of a lad who was sitting in a life that he would find the fugitive raine. Dur

sunny glade amid the dense thicket, with his back against a stone and his hands deep in his pockets. As Teddy broke softly and suddenly through the thicket into the glade the lad sprang to his feet with a gasp of

Then Teddy let his gun slide to the

ground, darted swiftly forward, and

cried, triumphantly. "No gettin' away from me. I'm in luck."
The lad made a brief and hopeless struggle and then he submitted quietly, dropping limply down on the grass when Teddy loosed his hold. He screwed a tcar out of each eye and

drew a long breath. "I'm your'n," he said, in a bitter tone, as he looked up at his captor.
"'Tain't no use to kick. Are you going to take me back to Jeff Skimmer?" "Of course," replied Teddy. "What else? You're a criminal according to law, and there's a reward out, you

"I ain't a criminal," the lad asserted with mournful doggedness, "I ain't done nothin' bad." "You ran away," answered Teddy,

in a tone of virtuous indignation, "and you stole something from the Pve never eaten any-that is to know pantry. "No I didn't. I only took an apple pie and two pieces of dry bread. And I wouldn't have taken them, only I

was half starved." "Here, take thia." Teddy handed out what was left of his luuch and the "Here, take thia." Teddy handed out what was left of his lunch and the lad began to eat in a ravenous fashion.

She—Oh, yes. I am truly domestic in my tastes. I belong to only nine slubs.—N. Y. Weekly. "Why did you run off, Joe?" he

"As good a one as a fellow need TOLL'S SIBERIAN EXPEDITION. want," Teddy replied warmly.

"So had I," Joe went on, "and only "Covered 3,000 Miles.

a year ago. You've heard about it, I reckon. We lived on Jackson's farm as ten auts-father an' mother an' me. Then a tree fell on father an' killed him, and in June mother died. Then the county bound me over to Jefferson "That was in July, and since then

there ain't been a day but what I wished I was dead. Most dogs are treated better. I had to wear old clothes that Jeff Skimmer cast off. I had nothin' to eat but broken scraps from the table, and not enough them half the time. I was up at four o'clock and worked till seven, and pulled up his sleeves and showed a mass of bruises on each arm from the wrist to the elbow.

There was allence for a moment.

"What has been ain't nothin' to what it will be when he gets hold of me again." muttered the captive. "I reckon he'll purty near skin me. You never a kind word-only

reckon he'll purty near skin me. You moth were not fulfilled. The spot in-"I guess I wouldn't," exclaimed

runs on the road as engineer? He used to live this side of Rockville." "Yes, I remember," said Teddy. "He was an awful nice man."

"You bet he was," assented Joe.
"Well, I seen him a month ago, an' he
told me when I got tired standin' Jeff Skimmer, he'd take me away on his freight train out to the farm in Ohio. Toll, with his comrade. Lieut. Shileiko. where his parents live. So that's why I ran off; but now"-Joe's voice broke a little. He rubbed a tear from each fifty degrees of longitude. grimy cheek, and looked sadly at his

boylsh promptness.

The stopping of the vehicle brought all the money I've got. If I was you trees, fifteen feet long, with leaves and I'd hide in the next valley till to-mor- and cones. This interesting discovery promise. Run for it."

"But I can't," half cried Joe; "not fast, anyway. I sprained myankle on a

"Now you've done it," whispered Teddy, looking over his shoulder. "Here comes Nick." Then, as a sudden idea struck him, he added, excit-"Drop behind that rock, Joe,



"NO YOU DON'T, JOE HACKETT." third time cut down into the back val- keep them on the move, and drive them ley as fast as you can. Understand!"

opposite direction from which Nick of game for the benefit of the Arctic was approaching. As he ran he took care to make plenty of noise, and when a violent in the record of Baron Toll's work in

the trees with great leaps, yelling years. Here and there in northern Si loudly at intervals: "Hold on, Joe! beria have been found, isolated or in Stop, stop!"

amazement, when he saw who it was the first also to discover traces of glathat he had captured. "You've tricked clation in northern Siberia. In one me, Ted Kirkwood." cliff in Anabar bay he found the cretame, Ted Kirkwood."

silent. sympathies, but Nick plainly had none the place where they are found, and to arouse. He started off in a passion, there is no doubt that they form a mo-

Teddy went home with a light heart. regarded by Mr. Jefferson Skimmer, who expressed a desire to have Teddy

an hour.

way proved fruitless, and when Teddy seized the fugitive by the coat collar. heard the rumble of Bill Martin's "No, you don't, Joe Hackett," he freight train on the following evening a great load seemed lifted from his mind. -- Boston Globe. Mrs. Hicks-Dick was sick all night, and, as a consequence, Mr. Hicks is ill in bed from worry and loss of sleep. Mrs. Dix—Where is Dick?

Nick Bolter's search for the runn-

Mrs. Hicks-I sent him after the doc tor.-Puck. Discovered at Last He-I know you are getting tired of my staying so late—
She—There! I always said you had brain power and discernment, though

the girls always disputed it.-Cincinnati Tribune. Corrected. Boston Girl-Do you society women est many clams? Gotham Malden - No. I've danced and flirted with no end of them, but

it.-N. Y. World. The Modern Homebody. He-And you are willing to become the wife of a poor man?

"And did you never kiss a girl under Ohysicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded tell you," he replied. "Say, you've got a good home, ain't you?" the mistletoe?"

"Well, no; it's pleasanter to kiss ber ander the nose."—Texas Siftings.

Covered 3,000 Miles One of the most successful explora tions of recent years was Baron Toll's expedition in 1893 to Arctic Siberia and the new Siberlan islands. This enterprise was organized by the St. Petersburg Academy of sciences, and its primary purpose was to investigate the report of a Siberian merchant that the perfect body of a mammoth had been scovered near the Arctic sea. though many fragments of these animals have been found, the bodies or even the skeletons have rarely been in a state of good preservation, and the St. Petersburg Academy of sciences has more than once demonstrated its will-ingness to investigate the reports that

wouldn't want to go back if you was dicated was some distance inland, directly south of the New Siberian islands. Small pieces of wool-bearing skin, parts of the extremities and the lower jaw of a young mammoth were dug from the recentally vial sands that had covered them after they had been washed by the Sanga-Yolyakh river out of post-tertiary beds in which they were originally buried. The skull wa

broken and the tusk, had, of course, come the spoil of some hunter. In his subsequent journeys Baron visited the New Siberian islands, and explored the Arctic tundras for nearly

In the most southern of the New S Teddy thought of the promised gold piece within his grasp, hesitated rue-fully and then made up his mind with a part of the mainland. In this deposit, "I ain't mean enough to take you mixed with pieces of willow and the back to Jeff Skimmer, law or no law," bones of mammoths and other post-he said. "Here's twenty cents, Joe, tertiary mammals, were complete row evening-it's thicker and wider shows that at the time when the mam there. Hurry up, now, or Nick Bolter moth wandered over north Asia and will be comin' along, and I won't Europe tree vegetation reached the 74th degree of latitude, and so its by. A sharp whistle trilled on the dred miles north of the line that now

The baron makes some interesting observations on the present animal life of the islands. He says the only win-ter inhabitants of the archipelago are white mice, which he found there in great quantities in the spring. They furnish abundant food to one or two varieties of gulls, and also to white years old.—Tammany Times. bears, which were frequently met. The mice were in a state of feverish activity, traveling from one island to another, and making the long journey over the ice to and from the continent, while geese and gulls, which abandon the islands in the fall, were returning

to their summer haunts. The explorer observed some of the vagaries of the Arctic spring mer climate. When Baron Toll made his first visit to the islands in May, 1886, the temperature was far below the freezing point. At the same period last year, however, warm, rainy days were the forerunner of summer, and two months later, on the coast of the | thing that isn't clear, now. Arctic ocean, in latitude seventy-two degrees, the temperature was ninetythree degrees Fahrenheit above zero rivaling the dog days of this latitude. The heat intensified the plague of gnats, and the baron thinks he has discovered the real usefulness of these pests in the Siberian tundras. He says quick! When you hear me yell the they greatly annoy the wild reindeer, within convenient reach of the few Joe nodded as he rolled noiselessly scattered inhabitants of that region: into the bushy hollow behind the rock, so gnats and mosquitoes, he thinks, Teddy dashed across the glade in the serve a useful purpose as rounders up

cousins of our Esquimaux. Geologists will find much of interest ommotion in the bushes behind told the region west of the Lena river him that his plot was a success he drained by the Anabar, a region that gave three lusty shouts.

After that he sped along through for more than one hundred and fifty bowlder, specimens of that wide spread Nearer and nearer came the rapid fossil of many varieties, the ammonite; threshing of his pursuer, and when a but Baron Toll, in the Anabar basin, alippery stone threw Teddy into a first saw it in its appropriate geological clump of bushes, he was violently pounced upon before he could rise.

"You," Nick gasped in wrathful fossils of mesozoic time. He has been As soon as Teddy could get his ceous deposits covered with angular breath he made a clean breast of ev- bowlders twenty or more feet in diamerything except Joe's future plans, eter, many of them polished and concerning which he was discreetly scratched. The original location of these fragments was about two hun-He hoped to arouse his companion's dred and seventy miles northwest of

During his work Baron Toll rode hundreds of miles on the backs of reindeer, and proved that the tundras may His story won a reluctant approval be crossed at any time of the year in from his father, but it was otherwise this manner. The reindeer easily cross the swampiest places, and if the traveler has in addition a boat made of terror and stood there trembling and and a stout strap in company for half a poplar tree of three larch planks for crossing the rivers he need not fear meeting any impediment in the Siberlian tundras.

The result of the expedition were "over three thousand miles of survey based upon thirty-eight positions astronomically determined; nine months of meteorological observations in the tundras; measurements of elevations above the sea along the whole route; many photographs and very rich col-lections, botanical, zoological, and ethnological." The achievements of these two excellent explorers in a region embracing nearly fifty degrees of longitude show that even the most desolate parts of the world are fertile fields of study for those who are prop-erly equipped for the work.—Boston Herald.

-You would be the greatest man of your age, Gratton, if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bills and papers.—Curran.

Cupid in Beston.

god of love.
And looked for some appropriate thing to make their cupid of. At length an inspiration came that set their chocks aglow, And, bless their tender, frigid hearts!—they made him out of anow!

"I tell you," said Mabel's father "Charley Soge has a level head."
"Very likely," replied Mabel sweetly. "Probably that's what makes his conversation so flat." - Washington

An Awful find Brenk

Gabbler, who talks much and recklessly, was sitting at a dinner party by the side of Mrs. Portly Pompous who is very old and fat. During the onversation Gabbler, forgetting the lady weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, said: "I despise for women." perceived at once what a bad break made, and attempted to set himself aright by saying: "I beg your pardon. I despise fat women, but only

when they are young."
The look Mrs. Pompous gave him will haunt him in his grave. Texas Sift-

Toughest Man in Deadgulch. Cholly Tenderfoot-Have you say

desperate characters around here now? Driver (of Deadgulch coach)—Ya-as;

You may talk about the sontiment The lovely flowers teach. But if you want a package sent That's got a longer reach, Just step into the first nice shop

That happens to be handy,
And tell the clerk to send her up
A great big box of candy,
—Philadelphia Re



Mabel-I wish you would look, Maud, ind see if my trousers hang all right

behind.-Judge. Dental Item. Dentist—Madam, you are probably not aware that some people do not get their wisdom teeth before their twen-

tieth year. Tommy-That's where you are off. Mamma got a whole mouth full of wisdom teeth last year from a dentist in New York, and she is more than forty

The dude in swell attire was commenting adversely upon several well-known men in Washington who wore slouch hats. "Why," he said to the man next to him, "do they wear those soft hata?" "For the sake of contrast," was the

reply, "just as you wear a hard one."-

The Mystery. First Depositor—I suppose there's no telling how the bank's money went. Second Depositor-Oh, yes! That has

all been cleared up. There's only one First Depositor-What is that? Second Depositor-How they came to

leave any assets. -Puck. Keeping Them Married. Stranger-I am told that it is easy for a woman to get a divorce in this state, but difficult for a man to get one. Citizen-Yes, we made it difficult for the men, so as to discourage them when they thought about it, and we made it

easy for the women so they wouldn't care about it .- N. Y. Weekly. Didn't Suit. Mrs. Sweet-I hear your son is en-

gaged.
Mrs. Sharp-Well, he bas brought back the engagement ring.
Mrs. Sweet-What was the matter? Didn't it suit? Mrs. Sharp-Yes; but he didn't.Boston Budget.

The Only Breakage. "You brought all that beautiful china back with you?" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?"
"Nothing but the customs laws," replied the smiling young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

A Little Cynle. Little Dick-You can say what you please bout boys, but mens is polite, anyhow. Mens always gives up their Little Dot-That's 'cause sittin' down

-Good News. Surprised Him. She-Do you remember that you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you?

makes their trousers bag at the knees.

He—Yes, but I didn't know then how much spare time a woman had to third-up things to ask for.—Cincinnati Trip-16 A Correct Answer. Mrs. Gabber-They make an awful lot of talk about wemen not being able to keep a secret. What if they aln't?

What is there in a secret, anyway?

Mrs. Mild-Nothing to speak of.-N. Quite Natural. Higbee-It seems strange that all the patent medicine testimonials are written by women.
Mrs. Higbee — There is nothing

strange about it. No one would be lieve a man under oath .- Brooklyn Life. An Invincible Combination.

"Tommy Affback is going out after fame in life." "How's that?" "He was a football player and now he's joined a college glee club."-Chi-

engo Record. A Man of Few Words Ada—Is Jack Rogers a talkative man? Helen - I've been trying for two years to make him speak. - Life.

Her Wish Her Father-No. young man, my daughter can never be yours. Her Adorer—My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife.—Harlem Life. As the Case May Re.

Ethel-Is it wrong to fall in love. mamma?

"What is a cherub?" asked the teacher.
Of little Johnny Bings.
"A cherub, ma'am," said Johnny, "is
An imp with a pair of wings."
—Chicago Tribune

Mamma (after a moment's thought)— How much is he worth?—N. Y. World. Johnny's Idea.